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### DON JUAN.

A FABULOUS EVENT WHICH HAPPENED TO A TRAVELLING ENTHUSIAST.

[From the German of HOFFMANN, by B. Roelker.]

The loud ringing of a bell and the words of a shrill voice, "the theatre begins," awoke me from a gentle sleep. Double-basses were growling in great confusion—now came a stroke on the kettle-drums and then a blast from a trumpet—a clear A from an oboe was heard and violins fell in between. I rubbed my eyes. "Has, perhaps, the always busy devil?" No! I was in the room of the hotel where I had arrived the day before almost as if broken on a rack. The rope of a bell hung just over my nose; I gave a good pull, and the servant appeared.

"What, for heaven's sake, is the meaning of this confused music here close by me? is there a concert to be given in the house?"

"Your excellency" (I had drunk champagne at dinner) "does not know perhaps that this hotel is connected with the theatre. This paper door will lead you into a small corridor from which you can enter box No. 23, reserved for strangers."

"What?—theatre?—stranger's box?"

"Yes, the small stranger's box holding two or at most three persons—it is reserved only for persons of rank; it has green paper hangings and Venetian blinds, and is close to the stage. If your excellency should choose—we play to-day 'Don Juan,' by the celebrated Mr. Mozart, from Vienna. We can put the price for the ticket on your bill."

The last words were spoken while he opened the door of the box, so quickly had I stepped, upon hearing the word 'Don Juan,' through the paper door into the corridor. The house was, for this middle-sized place, spacious, tastefully decorated and brilliantly lighted. All the boxes and the parterre were crowded. The first accords of the overture convinced me that a most excellent orchestra would afford me the most exquisite enjoyment of this masterpiece, even though the actors should perform indifferently.—During the Andante the horrors of the terrible subterranean *regno al pianto* came over me; presentiments of something awful filled my mind. The joyous fanfara in the 7th bar of the Allegro sounded to me like villainy in high glee. I saw fiery demons stretching forth their glowing claws from deep darkness to catch some of the gay mortals who were merrily dancing on the thin cover of the abyss. The conflict of man's nature with the unknown direful powers that surround him and lie in wait for his destruction, stood clear before my mind.

At last the storm subsided and the curtain rose. Freezing and out of humor, Leporello, wrapt in his cloak, paces, in dark night, up and down before the pavilion: "*Notte e giorno faticar.*"—Ah! Italian? thought I, here in this German town. "*Ah che piacere!*" I shall hear the recitatives and all just as the great master felt and thought in his mind. Now Don Juan came rushing out and after him Donna Anna, holding the villain by the cloak. What an aspect! She might have been taller and more slender, and more majestic in her walk; but what a head, and eyes from which love, anger, hatred and despair shot as from one focus, a shining pyramid of bright sparks, which like Greek fire, unquenchable, burned to the very core. The loose braids of her dark hair float in ringlets down her neck. Her white night-dress traitorously discloses charms that are never looked upon without danger. The heart in which the pangs of the horrid deed are buried, was yet beating in violent pulsations.—And now what a

voice! "*Non spera se non m' uccidi.*" Her notes, as if cast of ethereal metal, flash like glaring lightning, through the storm of the instruments.—Don Juan tries in vain to free himself.—But does he wish it? Why does not he thrust the woman aside with his strong hand? does the wicked deed enervate him, or is it the struggle of hate and love within his breast that deprives him of all courage and strength?—The old father has now paid with his life for his folly in attacking the vigorous opponent in the dark; and Don Juan and Leporello approach the proscenium in the recitative conversation.

Don Juan disengages himself from his cloak and is standing there in a costly dress of velvet embroidered with silver. His figure is strong and beautiful, his face of manly beauty; his nose of a Roman cast, his eyes penetrating and his lips softly formed. The singular play of a muscle on the forehead gives his physiognomy, for a moment, something of the expression of Mephistopheles, which without marring his beauty of face, excites an involuntary shudder. It seems as if he could exert the magic power of a serpent; it seems as if woman, after having once gazed upon him could no longer escape from him, and must complete her ruin, being once seized upon by this invisible power.

Leporello, tall and slim, with a red and white striped vest-coat, a short red cloak, a white hat with a red feather, is tripping round him. His features have an expression strangely mingled of good nature, roguishness, lustfulness and ironic pertness; his dark eyebrows form a strange contrast to his grizzly hair and beard. One sees at once the old fellow is a fit assistant and servant of Don Juan. They have now made their fortunate escape over the wall. Torch-bearers, Donna Anna and Don Ottavio appear. The latter is a delicate, nicely dressed and smooth mannikin of twenty-one years at most. Being the betrothed of Anna, he no doubt staid in the same house, as he could not have been called so soon. At the first alarm he might no doubt have hastened to the spot in time to save the father; but he had first to dress himself, and besides he did not venture out in the night,—

"*Ma qual mai s' offre, o dei, spettacolo funesto agli occhi miei!*"

More than despair in consequence of the cruel outrage is expressed in the terrible heart-rending notes of this Recitative and Duet. But it is not alone Don Juan's violent attempt, threatening

ruin to her and causing death to her father, which forces these notes from the anguished heart: it is a destructive deadly struggle in her heart which can produce them.—The tall, lank Donna Elvira, who has still visible traces of great beauty which has now faded, had just chid the traitor Don Juan: "*Tu nido d'inganni*," and the compassionate Leporello had very archly observed, *parla come un libro stampato*," when I thought I perceived somebody near or behind me. It was easy for a person to have opened the door and stolen in, and at this thought a pain shot through my heart. I had felt so happy at being alone in the box, entirely undisturbed, and clasping with all the fibres of sensation, as with polypus arms, this masterpiece, now produced to such perfection, and absorbing it. A single word, which moreover might be silly, might have cruelly snatched me from this glorious state of poetico-musical exaltation. I resolved to take no notice of my neighbor, but, entirely wrapt up in the playing, to avoid every word and look. With my head resting on my hands and my back turned toward my neighbor, I looked on. The further continuation of the play corresponded with the excellent beginning. The little roguish, amorous Zerlina comforted, in sweet notes and airs, the good-natured dolt Masetto. Don Juan distinctly expressed his broken soul and his scorn at the mannikins around him, put there merely for his pleasure, that he might break in upon and destroy their faint-hearted doings, in the wild aria, "*Fin ch' han dal vino*." The muscle on his forehead moved more violently than before.—The masks now appear. Their terzetto is a prayer that in pure and shining rays ascends to heaven. The middle curtain now flies suddenly up. There is a feast going on in a merry crowd of peasants, goblets ring and all kinds of masks are moving round, attracted hither by Don Juan's feast.—The three persons sworn to take vengeance now appear. The scene grows more solemn, till the dance begins. Zerlina is saved; during the loud thundering Finale Don Juan, undaunted, with sword in hand meets his enemies. He strikes the fancy sword of the bridegroom out of his hands, and makes his way through the crowd which he throws into entire confusion, as the brave Roland did the army of the tyrant Cymort, so that all fall comically one over the other.

I often seemed to perceive behind me a warm, gentle breath, and to hear the rustling of silk. This made me suppose that a woman was present, but wholly wrapt up in the poetical world which the opera disclosed to me, I took no notice of it. Now that the curtain had dropped, I looked round for my fair neighbor. No words can express my astonishment: Donna Anna, in the very costume in which I had shortly before seen her on the stage, stood behind me, and fixed upon me the penetrating look of her animated eyes. Entirely speechless I fixed a steady gaze on her; her mouth (as it seemed to me) contracted into a light, ironical smile, in which I mirrored myself and discovered my silly figure. I felt the propriety of my accosting her, and yet I could not move my tongue which seemed to be lamed with surprise and even fright. At last, almost involuntarily the words escaped me: "How is it possible, to see you here?" whereupon she answered at once in the purest Tuscan, that unless I understood and spoke Italian, she would be obliged to forego the pleasure of my conversation, since she spoke no other tongue. The sweet words sounded like singing.

The expression of her dark blue eye was heightened while she spoke, and every glance flashing from it poured a stream of fire into my heart, which made every pulse beat quick and every fibre quiver. It was Donna Anna herself. The thought that it was possible for her to be on the stage and at the same time in my box, did not occur to me. As a happy dream combines the strangest things, and a pious faith understands what is supernatural, and brings it in a seemingly natural manner into harmony with the so-called natural phenomena in life, so fell I also, in the presence of the wonderful woman, into a kind of somnambulism, in which I saw the secret relations which so closely joined me to her that she could not go away from me even when she was on the stage. How gladly would I write down for you, my dear Theodore, every word of the remarkable conversation which was carried on between the Signora and myself! but while I try to write down in German what she said, I find every word stiff and cold, every phrase awkward, to express what she spoke in Tuscan with all ease and grace. When she spoke of Don Juan and her own part, I felt that now for the first time the depths of this masterwork were laid open to me, and I could distinctly look into and recognize the fantastic forms of a foreign world. She said that her whole life was music, that she often seemed to comprehend, while singing, many things, mysteriously hidden in her inner soul, which no words could express. "Yes, then indeed, I comprehend them," continued she with a burning eye and higher tone of voice, "but all around me remain cold and dead, and while they applaud a difficult roudade and a successful cadenza, icy hands seem thrust into my glowing heart. But you seem to understand me; I see that to you also has been revealed the wonderful romantic world, where the heavenly charm of tones dwell."

"What, you glorious, wonderful woman, is it possible you know me?"

"Did not the enchanting frenzy of ever yearning love pour forth from your heart in the part of — in your new opera. I have comprehended you; your soul has been revealed to me in singing. Yes indeed (here she called me by my Christian name) I have sung you; as are your melodies, so I!"

The stage bell rang; a sudden pallor spread over Donna Anna's unpainted face; she pressed her hand on her heart as if she felt a sudden pain, and while she said in a low tone: "Unhappy Anna, thy most fearful moments are now coming," she left the box.

The first act had delighted me, but after this singular event, the music affected me in an entirely different and strange manner. It seemed as if the long promised fulfilment of the fairest dreams were now realized in another world, as if the most mysterious forebodings of the enchanted soul were made to stand forth in notes and could be recognized in these forms. In the scene where Donna Anna appears, I trembled with excess of delight while a gentle warm breath stole over me. My eyes involuntarily closed, and a glowing kiss seemed to burn upon my lips; but this kiss was a note long drawn out as if by an ever thirsting, yearning desire.

The Finale now commenced in tones of reckless merriment: "*Gia la mensa è preparata*." Don Juan sat caressing between two girls, and opened bottle upon bottle to give to the fermenting spirits,

hermetically closed within, free sway over him. The room was small, with a large Gothic window in the background, through which one looked upon the dark night without. Already while Elvira reminds the faithless one of his former vows, one can see lightning through the window, and the low grumbling of an approaching thunder storm is heard. At length comes the violent knocking. Elvira and the girls fly away, and amidst the fearful accords of the subterranean spirit-world, the huge marble colossus stalks in, opposite to which Don Juan appears like a dwarf. The floor shakes under the thundering footstep of the giant. Don Juan, through storm, thunder and the howling of demons shouts his terrible "No!" The hour of his destruction is at hand. The statue disappears, dense smoke fills the room, out of which horrible spectral forms are developed. Then an explosion takes place as if a thousand thunder bolts struck at once; Don Juan and the demons have disappeared, one knows not how! Leporello lies fainting in a corner of the room.

How refreshing now is the entrance of the other persons who in vain look for Don Juan, who has been withdrawn by the subterranean powers of earthly vengeance. It seems as if we had but just escaped from the fearful company of hellish spirits. Donna Anna appeared wholly altered; deathlike pallor was spread over her face; the eye was without lustre, her voice was trembling and uncertain, but, for that very reason, of a heart-rending effect in the short duet with the sweet bridegroom, who, since heaven has fortunately saved him from the dangerous office of an avenger, wishes to hold at once his nuptials.

The fugued chorus rounds off the work to a whole most masterly.

I hastened to my room in the greatest state of excitement which I ever experienced. The waiter called me down to supper, and I followed him mechanically. The company was large, as it was the time of the fair. The representation of Don Juan was the subject of conversation. The people generally praised the Italians, and the true conception of their playing, yet the slight remarks that were here and there thrown out showed that hardly any one had but a faint glimmering idea of the deep meaning of the opera of all operas. Don Ottavio had pleased much; Donna Anna had been too passionate for one. He thought that persons ought to moderate themselves and avoid everything too affecting. Her relation of the surprise had almost overwhelmed him. Here he took a pinch of snuff, and looked with an indescribably wise and stupid expression in his neighbor's face, who maintained that the Italian woman was, however, quite beautiful, only too careless in dress and finery. Just in that scene a lock of hair had got unfastened and shaded the half profile of the face! Now another began to hum "*Fin ch' han dal vino*,"—whereupon a lady observed that she had been least satisfied with Don Juan; the Italian had been too gloomy and grave, and had not represented the frivolous, volatile character lightly enough. The last explosion was praised very much. Weary of this shallow talk, I hastened to my room.

*In the Stranger's Box, No. 23.*

I felt so stifled in the close and sultry room!—About midnight I seemed to hear your voice, my Theodore! You pronounced distinctly my name, and there seemed to be a rustling near the paper.



door. What should detain me from visiting once more the place of my singular adventure? Perhaps I shall see you and her who fills my whole being! How easy it is to carry the little table in there—and lights and my writing utensils! The butler is looking for me with the punch I ordered; he finds the room empty and the paper door open and he follows me into the box and casts a doubtful look upon me. At my sign he puts the beverage upon the table, and withdraws with a question on his lips, looking round after me. Turning my back upon him, I lean upon the edge of the box and look into the empty house the architecture of which, magically illuminated by my two lights, projects in curious reflexions strangely and fairy-like. The curtain is moved by the keen draft of air blowing through the house. What if it should rise? if Donna Anna, tormented by direful ghosts, should appear?—Donna Anna! call I involuntarily; my voice dies away in the void space, but the spirits of the instruments awake in the orchestra—a singular tone comes trembling upward; it is as if the beloved name were whispering on in it!—I cannot repress an inward trembling, yet pleasantly it thrills through my nerves.

I became master of my mood and feel disposed at least to point out to you, my Theodore, how I now seem to comprehend for the first time, the glorious work of the divine master in its deeper characteristics. Only the poet understands the poet; only a romantic mind can enter into the romantic; only the mind poetically exalted, that has received the consecration in the temple, can understand what the consecrated one speaks, in the moment of inspiration. When we look upon the poem (*Don Juan*) without giving to it a deeper meaning, when we only look upon the historical part, we can hardly comprehend how Mozart could invent and set such music to it. A bon-vivant who loves wine and women beyond measure, who wantonly invites to his merry supper the man of stone, representing the old father he had killed in defending his own life—certainly there is not much poesy in this; and plainly spoken, such a man hardly deserves that the subterranean powers should select him as a choice specimen of hell, and that the marble statue, animated by the departed spirit, should take the trouble to dismount to exhort the sinner in his last hour to repentance, and that at last, the devil should send out his best fellows to effect the transportation into his dominion in the most horrible manner!

[Conclusion next week.]

### Julius Knorr's Instructive Works on Playing the Piano.

#### III.

With every teacher of music on the piano, who labors faithfully to introduce his pupils as soon as possible into the sanctuary of true music, it has no doubt long been a wish to possess a collection of pieces of classical worth and yet easy enough to be used for beginners. Such a want has been supplied by our untiring Julius Knorr, in a collection called: "*Classische Unterrichtsstücke für Anfänger auf dem Piano*" (Classical pieces for the instruction of beginners on the Piano). We cannot do better than translate here the preface to this collection, in order to show the author's intention:

"Little pieces for beginners exist in such numbers that any addition to them might appear superfluous. Yet many a teacher no doubt has found most of them insufficient and not fully answering their purpose.

"For some of these pieces are composed in a shallow and uninteresting manner; others are stitched together out of dry finger-exercises, which one may find in any method for the piano, so that they can only be tiresome to the beginner. In others the melodious tinkling from operas (mainly of the latest epoch) only flatters the ear, and thus they soon spoil it, producing a distaste for simple and true music. Others again are written in a modern style, too artificially, and therefore less adapted to the understanding of the beginner. Indeed, if the pupil were kept at them some time, they would soon make him lose his feeling for real and original music. Besides, in all of those different little pieces, difficulties peculiar to the strict style are interspersed much too sparingly, as if they were intended to save the teacher trouble. And yet without being thoroughly familiar with the strict style, a correct manner of delivery cannot possibly be attained afterwards.

"In consideration of this state of things, I resolved to make a collection of such pieces, in as perfect a form and as progressive an order as possible, from the original works of Mozart, Haydn, Clementi and Cramer. These I have edited and, in order to make them more useful, furnished them with fingering and with instructive remarks. The unaffected and noble music of Mozart, the natural and humorous of Haydn, the substantial of Clementi and the graceful of Cramer, will, I am confident, only tend to improve the taste and ear of the beginner.

"Hummel and Beethoven have been excluded from this collection on account of the greater mechanical difficulties attending their works. The latter one moreover might be too difficult for the understanding of the beginner. And Joh. Seb. Bach stood too far off from our present world . . ."

" . . . Every one will perceive that these pieces are not intended for the first beginning of instruction on the piano and consequently they require a preparation by other means . . ."

These are the main contents of the author's preface.

The most suitable preparation will be found in the exercises and pieces recommended in the author's "*Guide*" &c. in §§ 1—23, which include Czerny's op. 139, Nos 1—30. After these pieces this collection will be found about difficult enough, with only few exceptions. And it forms an excellent substitute for the following two books of Czerny's op. 139, which, eminently practical as they are, lack that deeper uncton and inspiration with which the works of Mozart, Haydn, &c. abound.

The author recommends in the same preface another collection under the title: "*Anfangsstudien auf dem Pianoforte als Vorläufer zu den classischen Unterrichtsstücken*" (elementary studies on the Piano, precursory to the classical pieces), which however would not answer at all, as they do not contain exercises sufficient to a thorough preparation. In fact since Knorr has written his "*Materials*," and more especially his "*Guide*," &c., and edited A. E. Müller's "*Method*," there can be found no sufficient reason for editing a collection as incomplete as these "*Elementary Studies*."

Every teacher who has any love at all for his calling should introduce these classical pieces to his pupils and thereby create and foster a taste for true music; thus gathering, as early worshippers, around the altar of the Beautiful, the Good and the True, all the young hearts confided to his care. It will aid him materially in fulfilling his noble vocation.

G. A. S.

#### PERGOLESE.

JEAN BAPTISTE JESI, (surnamed PERGOLESE because he was born at Pergola, a little town in the Duchy of Urbino, a few leagues from Pesaro,) was born in 1707. Having hardly attained the age of ten years, the young Jesi was taken to Naples, where, in the noble families of Stigliano and Maddaloni he found protectors, who caused him, in 1717, to enter the Conservatory of St. Onofrio (not that of the *Poveri di Gesù Cristo*, as Boyer says, in his account copied by all biographers). Gaetano Grecco, who had gone from the latter Conservatory to that of St. Onofrio, directed all the musical studies of Jesi, who received from his fellow students the name Pergolèsi, under which he has become celebrated. Although the style of the Neapolitan School was not less severe than that of the old Roman masters, still Grecco, a pupil of ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI, had preserved the tradition of a pure and elegant harmony and of scientific forms which were neglected by the generation which followed. Pergolèse followed the traditions of his master in his earlier productions; but later, influenced by the example of VINCI, formerly his fellow student, he looked upon dramatic expression as the principal end of the art and introduced this expression even into his Church Music.

Leaving the Conservatoire after nine years of labor and study, he composed for the Fathers of the *Oratory of the Gerolimini*, the oratorio entitled *San Guglielmo*, considered his first work. The prince of Agliano, having heard this production, employed him to write for the Theatre dei Fiorentini, the intermezzo, *Amor fa l'uomo cieco*, which however did not succeed, and was followed, at the theatre of St. Bartholomew, by the serious opera, *Rocimero*, which succeeded no better. Pergolèse, discouraged, seemed to renounce the theatre after this second failure and devoted himself during nearly two years to instrumental and religious music. It was at this time that he composed nearly thirty trios (for two violins and bass) which the prince of Stigliano, first Equerry of the King of Naples, had requested of him, of which twenty-four have been published in London and Amsterdam. In 1730 he wrote for the theatre of St. Bartholomew his buffo opera, *la Serva padrona*, a *chef d'œuvre* of spiritual melody, elegance and dramatic truth, in which the genius of the composer triumphed over the monotony of two characters, who hardly ever leave the stage, and of an orchestra, reduced to the proportions of a quartet. The success of this opera was almost the only complete success that Pergolèse obtained in his whole life. *Il Maestro di Musica* and *Il Geloso*, which followed it, did not at first succeed, and were only prized at their real worth, after the death of the author. In the month of May, 1734, Pergolèse obtained the title of Chapel Master of the Church of Our Lady of Loretto, and went to take possession of this post. The following year he went to Rome to write the *Olympiad* for the Tor-dinone theatre. The bad luck which persecuted

him followed him there also, for his opera experienced a dismal failure, although there were in it two airs and a duet of a remarkable and penetrating expression. DUNI (who supplied Boyer with the greater part of the anecdotes for his biography of Pergolèse) relates also the following concerning the *Olympiad*. Having been summoned to Rome, to write an opera, called *Nero*, which was to be played after the opera of Pergolèse, who was his fellow student at the Conservatoire at Naples, he did not dare to write a single note of his work till he had heard the *Olympiad*; but after one performance he reassured himself, seeing that the beauties which were scattered throughout that opera, would not be understood.

"There are too many details entirely above the comprehension of a common audience," said he to Pergolèse, "they will pass unnoticed, and you will not succeed. My opera will not be worth so much as yours; but, more simple, it will prove more successful." The event justified his prediction, for the *Olympiad*, performed in the spring of 1735, was ill received by the Romans. Overwhelmed by this failure, Pergolèse, renouncing the theatre forever, returned to Loretto, where he henceforth occupied himself wholly in the composition of Church Music. But his dissolute habits had already impaired his constitution; a disease of the chest appeared, and physicians decided that a change of climate was necessary. The composer, wishing to try that of Naples, went to Puzzoli, near that city on the sea shore; and it was here he composed his famous *Stabat Mater*, the beautiful cantata *Orpheus*, and the *Salve Regina*, which was the last of his works. The uncertainty which prevails in regard to many of the important circumstances relative to this great musician exists also in respect to the time of his death, most of the biographers fixing it in 1737, though Maffei assures us that he died in 1739, at the age of thirty-two. Rumors of poison were circulated, and obtained some credit, but were proved to be without foundation. The decline of his health, of which the cause has been given above, was slow and gradual. But no sooner had his eyes been closed, than the indifference with which he had been treated by his countrymen gave place to the keenest regrets. From that moment his reputation began to spread; his operas were played in all the theatres; Rome revived his *Olympiad*, applauding it with transport; and finally, even in the churches, into which it would seem fashion should not enter, for several years hardly any other music was heard than that of the author of the *Stabat*. In France, where an almost complete ignorance of the existence of the great artists of foreign countries prevailed, the music of Pergolèse was introduced fourteen years after the death of the composer, by an Italian troupe of ordinary singers, and excited transports of admiration. *La Serva padrona* and *Il Maestro di Musica* were translated into French, represented on the stage, and the parts engraved. In Sacred Concerts, also, the *Stabat Mater* obtained an enthusiastic success, and several editions of it were published. At last nothing more was wanting to the glory of Pergolèse, and, as always happened in a reaction against injustice, his merits were exaggerated, in considering him as the master of masters, although he is inferior to SCARLATTI and LEO in dramatic force, and although in his church music there are characteristics ill adapted to the character of the words.

The Padre MARTINI accuses the *Stabat* of containing passages more appropriate for an opera than for a penitential hymn, and he even makes citations which recall analogous passages of *La Serva padrona*; and, though one must confess that his criticism is not entirely without foundation, it is just to say, that examples of this kind are rare, and that few religious compositions in the concerted style are of more touching expression than the first verse of the *Stabat* and the *Quando Corpus*. The *Salve Regina* for a single voice, two violins, bass and organ, is also a model of expression; although less celebrated than the *Stabat Mater*, it may be considered as a most perfect composition and of superior merit. His compositions for the church are sixteen in number, including beside the *Stabat Mater* and *Salve Regina* two entire Masses, and several *Kyries*, *Dixits*, *Laudates* and other compositions. His operas and other secular compositions, most of the titles of which have been given above, are ten in number, including trios already mentioned.

#### THE SPHERE OF DREAMS.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

Sweet Dream, that shimmered o'er me in the night  
And stole my heart away,  
Warmer wert thou in pulses of delight  
Than this return of day:—  
Day—usher of the cheap and vulgar life  
Lived, brooded o'er and o'er—  
The weary knot that seeks the severing knife;  
The crowd about the door,  
That roars and frets, until we turn the key  
In stolen solitude,  
And in the spirit's inmost privacy  
Escape the ruffian brood.  
Sweet dream—world! Cradled in thy dawning hour  
We lose one life, but find  
The wild aroma of some long lost flower  
In days that once were kind.  
Life's murky clouds are tipped with golden ray,  
And harshest circumstance  
Transfigured stands—or reels and fades away  
As in a spectral dance.  
Nor reck we of the customs, creeds and laws  
That hem yon mortals in;  
But live as lives the budding rose, because  
Child-conscience knows no sin.  
O wild, strange dreams, some truthful texts ye give  
For nature's free dominion:  
Why should we not be maskers all and live  
Above the world's opinion?  
Children of sleep—illuminated letters  
Amid our dusky leaves—  
Angels who smite in twain the iron fetters  
In which the spirit grieves—  
O come as ye have come—like festivals,  
And hang your flower-festoons  
Around the columns of the heart's wide halls;  
And let the brightest moons  
Flood all the windows, while the orient  
Breathes in a spicy breeze,  
And all the calm of summer time is sent  
From shadows of the trees.

#### Improvement of the Ear.

The first step for improving a musical ear is the correct appreciation of the intervals of notes, which is most speedily and effectually accomplished, according to our experience, by learning to tune any stringed instrument with accuracy. A minuteness of tact is thus acquired, which no other exercise can ever produce. The violin, the harp, the guitar, &c., may be made choice of for this purpose, and the tuning taught and practised independent at first of any efforts to play; for we think it quite possible to teach tuning separately from playing, and think that this would be a great improvement on musical education.

Madame Mara was originally taught the violin, which, we have no doubt, accounts in part for her fine delicacy of ear. "Had I a daughter," said she, "I would have her taught the violin before she sung a note; for how," continued she, "can you best convey a just notion of slight variations in the pitch of a note? By a fixed instrument? No. By the voice?—No. But by sliding the finger upon the string, you instantly make the most minute variation visibly as well as audibly perceptible." The principle is unquestionable, and we must urge the practice to be carefully followed up by all who are anxious to improve their musical perceptions and their ear for music.

The exercises for improving the ear will be best pointed out by a master; but without the accurate and persevering practice of tuning, we are of opinion that even the finest natural ear will be deficient in delicacy and accuracy. Intonation, as Mr. Bacon remarks, is the highest possible requisite of a singer; and the main impediment that stands in the way of obtaining this is ignorance of the desired interval. It is indeed a received opinion, that to sing the scale in perfect tune is, as it were, an act of simple uninformed nature; whereas, in truth, it is purely an act of imitation. There can be no doubt, consequently, that to blend the tuning of an instrument with the practice of the first elements, must be useful, if not indispensable. We have observed the effect so often that we cannot hesitate in thinking that a variation from the pitch frequently proceeds from an erroneous notion of the interval, rather than from any failure in the organ to obey the will. This, from habit, becomes inveterate, and confirms occasional errors, so that even good singers sometimes find it impossible to correct an original misapprehension of a particular passage or note caught from first learning the air by an instrument out of tune.

Much depends on the communication of the first principles in the first few lessons. Most amateurs are destroyed at the outset. Some assistance in attaining the knowledge of intervals may be afforded by the power of numbers and an acquaintance with the arithmetical differences between the notes of the scale. Figures, indeed, will convey no accurate sensible idea through the ear; but a knowledge of the precise relations will instruct the mind and act as coadjutor to that organ. In the same way a general notion of *temperament* may be given, and the beautiful effects of particular keys upon a fixed instrument, illustrated, and the necessary compliances and deviations pointed out. We may admit the general truth of the common rule, that all keys are alike to a singer; but we must also admit that a conformity to temperament is both frequently necessary, and that it often heightens the expression of a song. For, if this is not the case, why do composers select particular keys; why prefer A with flats, to A with sharps, and the contrary? The melancholy effect of the one and the brilliancy of the other are entirely produced by the temperament. It should seem, therefore, that a defect may be softened into a beauty, though the possession of this power can only consist with an accurate understanding of the differences, which can be communicated by no other means, so rapidly and so certainly as by practically tuning some stringed instrument, as has just been recommended.

The counting of time, in its various modifications, is considered a criterion of the correctness of the ear. All knowledge of sound is acquired by imitation and comparison; no verbal definitions of time, unassisted by practical demonstration, can ever convey any precise ideas, nor does the ear arrive at the power of distinguishing without much practice. This faculty is, therefore, scarcely to be considered simply as an act of the ear. We compare two sounds, indeed, by means of the ear; but we remember certain rules by which we are to determine, and which must be founded on ideas acquired from art. A singer never fails to adopt the scale of that instrument by which he has been taught. Scholars are addicted even to the faults of their masters. It is, therefore, apparent that in the formation of the ear, as much depends upon instruction as upon nature; and the excellence or



defect of the ear can only be ascertained during the progress of tuition, by careful and repeated trials.

The just appreciation of harmony is a more advanced step in the process of cultivating the ear. An uninstructed person, however fine his natural ear for music, can have no proper relish for the music of the full orchestra; for this plain reason, that he cannot understand it, and is confounded rather than delighted. It requires both practice and much observation and experience to acquire a taste for this; for we think it quite possible to have an exquisite taste for simple melody, without the least relish for the complicated harmony of a full concert, or the display of the art of counterpoint.

### A Visit to Mozart.

[From the "Reminiscences of Michael Kelly."]

I went one evening to a concert of the celebrated Kozeluch's, a great composer for the piano-forte, as well as a fine performer on that instrument. I saw there the composers Vanhall and Baron Dittersdorf; and, what was to me one of the greatest gratifications of my musical life, was there introduced to that prodigy of genius—Mozart. He favored the company by performing fantasias and capriccios on the piano-forte. His feeling, the rapidity of his fingers, the great execution and strength of his left hand particularly, and the apparent inspiration of his modulations, astounded me. After this splendid performance we sat down to supper, and I had the pleasure to be placed at table between him and his wife, Madame Constance Weber, a German lady, of whom he was passionately fond, and by whom he had three children. He conversed with me a good deal about Thomas Linley, the first Mrs. Sheridan's brother, with whom he was intimate at Florence, and spoke of him with great affection. He said that Linley was a true genius; and he felt that, had he lived, he would have been one of the greatest ornaments of the musical world. After supper the young branches of our host had a dance, and Mozart joined them. Madame Mozart told me, that great as his genius was, he was an enthusiast in dancing, and often said that his taste lay in that art, rather than in music.

He was a remarkably small man, very thin and pale, with a profusion of fine fair hair, of which he was rather vain. He gave me a cordial invitation to his house, of which I availed myself, and passed a great part of my time there. He always received me with kindness and hospitality.—He was remarkably fond of punch, of which beverage I have seen him take copious draughts. He was also fond of billiards, and had an excellent billiard table in his house. Many and many a game have I played with him, but always came off second best. He gave Sunday concerts, at which I never was missing. He was kind-hearted, and always ready to oblige; but so very particular, when he played, that if the slightest noise were made, he instantly left off. He one day made me sit down to the piano, and gave credit to my first master, who had taught me to place my hand well on the instrument.—He conferred on me what I considered a high compliment. I had composed a little melody to Metastasio's canzonetta, "*Grazie agli inganni tuoi*," which was a great favorite wherever I sang it. It was very simple, but had the good fortune to please Mozart. He took it and composed variations upon it which were truly beautiful; and had the further kindness and condescension to play them wherever he had an opportunity.

Encouraged by his flattering approbation, I attempted several little airs, which I shewed him, and which he kindly approved of; so much indeed, that I determined to devote myself to the study of counterpoint, and consulted with him, by whom I ought to be instructed.—He said, "My good lad, you ask my advice, and I will give it you candidly; had you studied composition when you were at Naples, and when your mind was not devoted to other pursuits, you would perhaps have done wisely; but now that your profession of the stage must, and ought, to occupy all

your attention, it would be an unwise measure to enter into a dry study. You may take my word for it, Nature has made you a melodist, and you would only disturb and perplex yourself. Reflect, 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing;'—should there be errors in what you write, you will find hundreds of musicians, in all parts of the world, capable of correcting them; therefore do not disturb your natural gift."

"Melody is the essence of music," continued he; "I compare a good melodist to a fine racer, and counterpointists to hack post-horses; therefore be advised, let *well alone*, and remember the old Italian proverb—*Chi sa piu, meno sa*—Who knows most, knows least." The opinion of this great man made on me a lasting impression.

My friend Attwood (a worthy man, and an ornament to the musical world) was Mozart's favorite scholar, and it gives me great pleasure to record what Mozart said to me about him; his words were, "Attwood is a young man for whom I have a sincere affection and esteem; he conducts himself with great propriety, and I feel much pleasure in telling you, that he partakes more of my style than any scholar I ever had; and I predict, that he will prove a sound musician." Mozart was very liberal in giving praise to those who deserved it; but felt a thorough contempt for insolent mediocrity.

**SINGING AND PRAYING.**—In a small country town, located in the vicinity of the junction of the Chenango with the Susquehanna river, there is a church in which the singing had, to use their own phrase, 'run completely down.' It had been led for many years by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical powers had been gradually giving out. One evening, on an occasion of interest, the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was sung even worse than usual—the deacon of course, leading off. Upon its conclusion, the minister arose and requested Brother — to repeat the hymn, as he could not conscientiously pray after such singing. The deacon very composedly 'pitched' it to another tune, and it was again performed with manifestly a little improvement upon the first time. The clergyman said no more, but proceeded with his prayer. He had finished, and taken the book to give out a second hymn, when he was interrupted by Deacon — gravely getting up, and saying, in a voice audible to the whole congregation, 'Will Mr. — please make another prayer? It will be impossible for me to sing after such praying as that!'—*Knickerbocker*.

**ANTIQUITY OF THE SACKBUT, DULCIMER, &c.**—A well known passage in Daniel puts it out of all doubt, that music was cultivated and brought to a considerable degree of perfection amongst them, if we may judge by the number and variety of the instruments mentioned in it, of which the names of two occur for the first time in the sacred writings, viz: the sackbut and dulcimer. "Nebuchadnezzar the King made an image of gold, whose height was three-score cubits, and the breadth thereof six cubits. Then an herald cried aloud, to you it is commanded, O people, nations and languages, that at what time ye hear the sound of the Cornet, Flute, Harp, Sackbut, Psalter, Dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar the King hath set up." There are various conjectures concerning the Sackbut and Dulcimer; it is thought that the Sackbut was a wind instrument, formed of the root of the tree, and played upon by stops like a Flute. An ancient Sackbut was found in the ruins of Pompeii, and appears to have resembled our modern Trombone, which was formed by the Italians, from the one they discovered in the ashes of Vesuvius, where it had been buried nearly two thousand years. Whether the Sackbut was ever lost, or only fell into disuse, is not certain. The ancient one, found at Pompeii, was presented to his late Majesty King George the Fourth, by His Sicilian Majesty. It is made of bronze, with the upper and mouth-piece of gold, and its tone is said to be unrivalled. The Dulcimer is sup-

posed by the Padre Martini to have signified a concert of instruments or voices, rather than any single instrument. The possession of these instruments, and the reference of several passages in the sacred writings, are sufficient proofs that music was cultivated amongst the Babylonians, and the Padre Martini naturally supposes that, as this people were everywhere celebrated for luxury and splendor, their music partook of the character. The Assyrians invented a Trigonum or Triangulum, a stringed instrument of a triangular shape, played upon with a plectrum. The Trigonum is supposed to have been the instrument which King David played upon, but that is a fact which cannot be easily decided, on account of the difference in the numbers of the strings; for David is mentioned as playing upon the ten-stringed harp, whereas the one we have just described contains twelve strings. The Phenicians had several musical instruments, one called after their own country, Phenicee, and another called Naublum or Nebel, which was played upon at the feasts of Bacchus. There were also a number of other tribes in Asia, such as the Edomites, the Moabites, the Phrygians, the Lydians, the Eto- lians, the Ionians, and the Dorians, of whose manners and customs we know very little, but we may presume that they studied and promoted the science of music, for we find that several of the Grecian modes derived their names from some of these countries, as the Lydian, Phrygian, Dorian, &c.—(From T. H. Tomlinson's *Lectures on Oriental Music*.)

**HOW VERDI COMPOSES.**—When Verdi has an opera to compose, he waits patiently until the midnight bell has tolled. He then enters his study, in which there is a piano placed between a big drum and cymbals, and seating himself at the piano, he first bangs the drum on the right hand, then crashes the cymbals on the left hand, then thumps the piano in the midst, and while the air is reverberating with the mingled sounds, he commences the first chorus. This is the way Verdi composes. Can anybody have a doubt on the subject?

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 4, 1853.

### A Fortnight in New York.

It was no musical pilgrimage which tempted us away this time—at least not the hope of *hearing* music; for the great metropolis of our Western world, like our own smaller, but not less music-loving city, had got through its "season;" and this year's May was not made musical, like last year's, with the departing glories of a Jenny Lind. This time Art offered us no human voice more fresh, and more inspiring and more full of the soul's summer than the birds and breezes of the green woods to which the weary fast-livers of the town are now all busily making or planning their escape. There were no fine public concerts or operas in New York in these last weeks of Spring; only some dregs of the feast remained,—a few scattering third-rate concerts, of the miscellaneous order, from which category even we reluctantly found ourselves unable to except (as a whole) the farewell concert of ALBONI, who has now looked as well as sung her last to a country which, though fairly prizing the unrivalled sensuous beauty of her voice and execution, and glad to witness such a large and luscious bit of nature, has not been magnetized into any high state of enthusiasm or made to feel much lasting influence therefrom. This bird has flown, back to its own sunny clime; but the rest, of all degrees, still

linger and flutter doubtfully and idly about New York, as if waiting for some movement, some new Napoleon manager to re-organize their orchestra and give them occupation. The experienced opera-goer meets on Broadway the *disjecta membra* of every opera that has visited the States for the last ten years or more. The well-known black-mustachioed baritones and basses and tenors, principals and chorus-singers, lately prominent or long since superseded, are seen upon hotel steps smoking, and on all corners discussing, with vehement gesticulation, as it were the wrongs wherewith they smart from cruel managers and shockingly ungrateful publics, that could hesitate about repaying the luxury of such voices with the state of princes.

The courtly Badiali and others of Sontag's principals appear upon the streets, and there is rumor or suspicion of cheap summer operas preparing in cool Castle Garden. Max Maretzek is seen too, quickly moving through the crowd, who read in his bright face of recent Southern success and wonder whether something new is in the wind, now that the operative field is clear. There are even strong hints that he has already organized a company, with Steffanone as the *prima*, though no official announcement of such fact appears. Salvi too was named, but the newspapers are down upon the spoiled favorite for sullen airs and wilful misdemeanors not so easily forgotten, and threaten trouble should he try to sing; so that one is puzzled to know where the elements of a *successful* opera may come from.

Mme. ALBONI drew out of course a large and warmly disposed audience at her farewell, quite filling the lower part of Metropolitan Hall. There was abundance of applause, bravos, bouquets and all that, with every sign of hearty respect and good will; and yet, with the exception of a small class of indomitable enthusiasts, we think there must have been a general disappointment in the concert. It certainly was got up in a slipshod, miscellaneous manner. The orchestra, under the lead of ARDITI, in compliment to whom Alboni gave the concert, was abominably noisy, blundering and out of tune. How much to allow for the peculiar non-resonance of that large and showy hall we knew not; but the *fortissimos* of the hacknied overtures to *Martha* and *Masaniello* seemed to bang and thump upon our tympanum, rather than to vibrate musically and strongly through the room. STRAKOSCH, the "unrivalled pianist," played banjo tunes and "Old folks at home," with extraordinary variations, naturally followed by volleys of senseless hand-clapping, the chief success which such things seek. ROSA DE VRIES sang her parts well, though with a voice hard and worn, and ROVERE with—we forget now which other basso, gave but a passable rendering of the *Cenerentola* duet. Alboni herself was not herself. There was evident displeasure and lack of interest in her face and manner for some time, nor did the voice renew all the luscious charm of former hearings. *Casta Diva* we have always thought a poor selection for her, conceived as it is wholly in the spirit of a pure soprano and requiring to be lowered to her compass; you wonder at the talent that can make such easy conquest in spheres not native to it, more than you enjoy the music thus appropriated. Another absurd freak of ambitious talent was the assuming with her soft contralto of the part of Carlos in the splendid *Carlo Magno* finale

to *Ernani*, whose harmonies all pivot so essentially on the manly and sonorous baritone; it made the whole thing baseless and top-heavy;—think of those soaring unisons of soprano and tenor, sung by DE VRIES, and Sig. FORTI, who here singularly "turned up" again after a silence of three years! But the *Di tanti palpiti* so admirably suited this peculiarly Rossinian singer, that one wondered why it had not before figured in her American programmes, and still more why she left off the fine introductory recitative: *O! patria*. The *Ah non credea* and *Ah non giunge* closed the evening in the true Alboni style. On the whole, the last impression of the great contralto would have been better had this concert not been given.

There were other concerts, which we did not witness;—one by Mrs. BOSTWICK, aided by that modest, excellent young Belgian violinist, M. APPY, and the flutist, SIEDE,—not very well attended; another by Madame FERENCZY, of unfortunate Musical Fund memory in Boston, whom even little JULLIEN'S magic bow, with TIMM and EISEL and a nice orchestra, saved not from a complete failure. Pity that the hundreds which Hungarian sympathy sank for the singer in these preparations, could not have been given directly to the lady, without the awkward prestige of an abortive concert. Exacting as the public taste now is, it is a grave matter to announce a concert on one's own account, and we would gladly believe that not many more indifferent artists would rush forward in this way to burn their fingers, before learning to estimate their own powers and position rightly. The concert-giving mania is the ruin of many respectable but mediocre talents, who must learn to be content not to shine in the foreground before they can thrive even according to their measure. And for the listening public is it not well, that only eminent and real artists should attract full houses? For talents of inferior degree less arduous spheres are open; but the *great* occasions, where the multitudes go out as one man, should be those that invite and hold us under the influence of *great* Art. It is a sin for mediocrity to speculate on the prestige of genius.

But the lack of public musical opportunities was most agreeably supplied, in our case, by choice private feasts of harmony. New York is rich in the possession of several accomplished, genial, genuine artists of the piano, who have scrupulously kept their talent safe above the corrupting influence of concert-playing and the temptation to resort to cheap effects, after the example of the fleet-fingered adventurers who came one after another to astonish and to spoil the (musically) childish public. Superior teachers, they earn their livelihoods by days of hard and faithful toil, and when called upon to enrich now and then a concert, they do not have to stoop from the true dignity of Art, but play sound and inspiring music such as their own souls love, and sink *themselves* in the beautiful or grand thoughts of the master tone-poets whom it is their privilege and joy to interpret. But it is in sweet private hours, in the select circle of friends, that their music flows out most willingly and most inspiringly. Think of two evenings with our friend Herr Tonwacker, if you can do so without envying us, O reader! That "studio," already celebrated in these pages, was richer than ever with fine busts and statuettes and rare engravings from the noblest old and modern artists, cases of well-

read volumes of German and English poets, &c., conspiring with the grand piano to make unitary harmony through all the senses to the inmost soul. Eight years of the best joys of art and friendship have consecrated this happy bachelor abode of Tonwacker;—verily he deserveth one joy more, man's sweetest blessing, in which all art and poetry and fine sympathies do culminate and concentrate and grow perpetual!

Like tastes, like friends. There were poets and painters, as well as musical artists and amateurs, in the little company. Such kindred spirits, by the force of instinct and innate attraction, congregate about a musician who can express their loves and longing, their ideals and enthusiasms like this man. If there is one thing finer than another in the great city, redeeming the noise and rush and worldliness of its fast and feverish life, it is the social intimacy of its artists. These form the nucleus of "our best society," in a sense opposite as possible to Putnam's irony. For Art creates an atmosphere of true and genial life; Art blends and reconciles the spiritual and the material in the social element of artists as well as in their works. It takes the freedom and cosmopolitan multitudinous variety of a great gathering place of all the nations, like New York, to make such genial society possible; for freedom is the first essential of all grace and geniality. Would there were time to take our readers to the galleries of pictures and the studios of some of the most promising of New York artists! "Hafiz" shall do that for us, if opportunity shall favor his good will. Mean while, much as we saw to admire in these young artists' works, it was the *life*, the social atmosphere of Art around them, that interested us even more, and made us long for the time when this spell of Art shall, by the influence of poetry and painting and architecture, and above all Music, be thrown over this whole people, to give tone and depth and spirituality and harmony to our whole American life, and make known and felt, as so few know and feel it now, the meaning of the word *genial*.

#### Literary.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY. The June number completes the first volume of this eminently successful Magazine. The six numbers form a book rich with light and serious papers as well worth preserving, as they were refreshing on their first appearance to readers who had long thirsted for something fresh and vigorous in our native periodical literature. The very sight and name of American magazines had become sickening. We were driven to reprints of foreign matter, as the only reading. But at last we have a monthly supply of miscellany that is all original and full of life and character. The best and boldest thought of the times, tempered with good taste and genial humanities, appears in *Putnam*. Its tone is generous and earnest, even when under a playful garb. Its poetry is select, printed because it is poetry, and not because would-be poets must be rushing into print. Its notices of Art and Music are wholesome and appreciating. It speaks a true word of culture to our busy, heterogeneous population. Pleasantly it mirrors the times and scenes and activities amid which we live, viewed in the light of the best thought and purpose of the times. It is a good, wholesome American sort of literature,—not in that narrow and absurd sense of the word American, which must have a red Indian or a raw Kentuckian in every poem, tale or picture,—but in the only sense distinctive of this gathering place of all the races, the sense of universality, of cosmopolitan large sym-



pathies, to which mere nationalities are as vulgar as provincialisms.

The success of *Putnam* is truly a refreshing sign. A circulation of near 40,000 copies has been gained in six months. Were it the namby-pamby, small-beer sort of literature, this would not be so astonishing. But the testimony of the 40,000 is for the strong meat and generous wine of the best intellects. The editors have been alike exacting of their contributors and of themselves. Out of 500 pieces volunteered, (many with famous names appended) not more than twenty have passed muster, we are told. And they still adhere to the wise plan of the *anonymous*, which places every article on its own merit, so that obscure talent has an equal chance before the public with the most renowned.

The present number is one of the most solid, rich and readable that has yet appeared.

### Music in the West.

[One of the "Germanians" has been kind enough to write us of their experiences out West. The principal paragraphs will interest our readers. The letter bears date St. Louis, Mo., May 29th, 1853.]

"Speaking of the standard of music in the West, in general, I am pleased to say, that people are further progressed than I was aware of, and that good music is very much desired, and also greatly appreciated. We have been called upon in every city, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Louisville, to perform a Symphony; and you know that we are not slow in complying with so sensible a request. We have given three concerts in Pittsburgh to full houses, six in Cincinnati, including one we gave in connection with the "Amateur Musical Association." Speaking of this Society, I cannot omit to express our opinion, for they really do deserve to be encouraged. This company, consisting of about 150 singers, ladies and gentlemen, belonging partly to some of the first families in Cincinnati, have been studying Oratorios and Cantatas under the direction of Mr. VICTOR WILLIAMS, a thorough musician, for the last year or two, and have several times given concerts, largely attended by the music-loving community of Cincinnati. I witnessed Haydn's "Creation" and was much pleased as far as the chorus was concerned; the solos, however, with the exception of Mlle. LEHMANN, who sang the principal airs, left much to wish for. The orchestra was made up of different associations and was very poor. The "Germanians," in connection with the "Amateur Association," performed Romberg's "Power of Song" and Ries's "Morning," two productions of an ancient character and although full of pleasing melodies, scarcely worthy of being produced where we can hear Handel's, Haydn's or Beethoven's masterly works. The impression which the "Germania" has left in Cincinnati, I can safely assert, is not easily wiped out, for we have now, this morning, for the fourth time, received letters from enthusiastic admirers of music imploring us to pay them another visit. The Concerts were generally very well attended.

"From Cincinnati we visited Louisville. Our expectations of this city were rather high, and I am sorry to confess, that to a certain degree, we were rather disappointed. We have met with some gentlemen amateurs in this place, who, from a visit to Europe or the Eastern cities, carried with them a recollection of good and solid music, and who have done everything possible to make our stay pleasant and agreeable, and have not ceased in bestowing their praises on the produc-

tions of our Society; they have also, by their influence, succeeded in gathering crowds in the Concert Hall. But as for the public in general, they are scarcely ripe to appreciate what is offered. We have played there two Symphonies, Beethoven's C minor and Spohr's "Consecration of Tones;" but I am afraid that they thought strange of such music; a Waltz, Polka, &c., I guess, would have been more pleasing; at least, their conversation during our performance annoyed us very much. The first evening, during the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, Mr. Bergmann had actually to stop the orchestra until conversation ceased. Another very annoying custom seems to prevail all over the Western country, perhaps Cincinnati excepted. People come to the concert, either just at the hour of commencement, or 15 to 30 minutes later, which naturally is a great disturbance to those who come for the sake of enjoying the music. The general impression we left in Louisville is very favorable and everybody there seems to think our audiences numbered more than they are used to see in the Concert room, although we do not complain of the immense lot of money that we brought away.

"Last night we gave our second concert in St. Louis, and are very well satisfied with the attendance; the first was well filled, but the second was crowded; and people here are more enthusiastic than in any of the previous places; they encore nearly every piece and do not cease to express their delight. However I must add, that one half of the audience is composed of Germans.

"I send you enclosed some programmes, from which you perceive that we have thus far performed the C minor Sinfonie, the "Pastoral," and the "Consecration of Tones," to the Western people, and thus have, (it being the first time they ever heard a sinfonie) given them an idea of the good and true in Art.

"Before closing my letter, I cannot omit to speak of some resident music bands here and in Louisville; they are as good, if not better than many in the East and add much to the refinement of musical taste. We have listened to arrangements from operas and even overtures, which were well executed and only lacked strength and unity to be pronounced really good. The orchestras in Pittsburgh and Louisville favored us with serenades and it gave us much pleasure to listen. JAELL and URSO have everywhere created the greatest sensation and added much to make our concerts attractive."

MR. KEYZER'S CONCERT, on Saturday evening, was not so fully attended, as we had hoped that it would be and as its merits deserved; and we believe that if it had been known what a grateful refuge could be found in the Lecture Room of the Music Hall from the sultry July heat of the evening, many more would have attended this concert. We did not hear the Mozart Quartet (No. 1 in C Minor) with which the concert began. Mr. LANGE played a very pleasing piano piece of his own composition, "A Night in the Tropics," in a very pleasing manner; but we were less satisfied with his performance of CHOPIN's "Fairy Dance," and still less with that of one of MENDELSSOHN's *Lieder ohne Worte* (No. 6 in Part 5) which he gave in answer to an encore; this was heavy and wanting in the spirit and brilliancy with which Jaell and Dresel have given it. Messrs. RYAN and RIBAS gave a clarinet and an oboe

solo, in their usual excellent style and received deserved applause. The great feature of the concert, however, though it was made up of good things—indeed, of the best—was the *Double Quartet* of SPOHR. This was excellently well given, and well received, though it is one of those elaborate and learned compositions which one wishes to hear many times to appreciate, and should be played many times to be given as it should be. To us it was new; but exceedingly pleasing and interesting, and played with unusual spirit and accuracy, so far as we could judge. We hope that it may be played again in the course of the next season. Mr. Keyzer played two violin solos—an *Adagio religioso* by Spohr, and a fantasia by Rodé. Mr. Keyzer is one of the old school of players, and makes no pretence at giving us the miracles of execution of the later school of the present day, but we know few who give with truer expression and more correct and pleasing style and intonation the substantial classic violin music of an earlier period. Beside this, we never hear Mr. Keyzer, without recalling the days of the old Academy and the Concerts at the Odeon, where we were first initiated into the love of Beethoven and first taught many things now familiar to us as household works. It is pleasant to recall those days, and we wish that more of Mr. Keyzer's friends of that time could have been present at his concert.

### Musical Intelligence.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Boston Music Hall Association will be held at the Music Hall (Winter street entrance) on Wednesday, the 8th day of June, 1853, at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—At a large meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society, at the ware-rooms of Mr. Hews, May 30th, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: Silas P. Meriam, President; John Dodd, Vice President; J. L. Fairbanks, Secretary; Matthew S. Parker, Treasurer; Trustees, O. J. Faxon, C. P. Adams, John A. Nowell, H. L. Hazleton, John F. Payson, John H. Pray, George Hews, J. Haskell Long, and L. B. Barnes.—*Transcript*.

The Germania Musical Society have re-engaged the Boston Music Hall for the next musical season, commencing about the 20th of October.

MME. ALBONI sailed for Europe in the Africa, last Wednesday.

Master PAUL JULLIEN is about to accompany the pianist STRAKOSCH, on a concertizing tour.

We had the pleasure, while in New York last week, of passing an hour in the new "Normal Music Institute." Mr. Lowell Mason, with characteristic tact, was teaching the class to appreciate the value of *light and shade* in the delivery of tone in choral masses; and right eagerly was the lesson devoured by as earnest and intelligent a looking body of young men and women as we have often seen assembled. There were about fifty of them, who had come from all parts of the country, to spend three months in New York, at an expense of some two hundred dollars each, for the pure sake of getting better ideas of music, which they might teach when they go home.

PHILADELPHIA.—The City Item says:

On Monday evening the directors of the Harmonia Sacred Music Society held a very full meeting, at which a committee was appointed to procure the plans and specifications necessary to construct an immense concert room, in Broad street, at the cost of \$100,000. Of this sum a large amount is already pledged by some of our leading capitalists and merchants. The intention is to have four first class stores on the ground floor, and three halls on the second, one of which will seat between four and five thousand persons. In this hall will be placed the great organ of the society, now building, and we would mention that very recently a fourth row of keys has been added to this instrument, making it still larger

than was at first intended. The Hall is to be commenced during the present season, if the ground can be cleared in time, and by next spring Philadelphia may rely upon possessing the largest concert room in the United States.

The past season has been one of great profit to this young society, and the prospects for next Fall are still more promising. An arrangement has been made with the composer of the Cantata of Belshazzar to write another for the Concerts of the Society to be given next winter.

### Advertisements.

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Feb 26

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